

FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, SUPPER

## BAKER'S COCOA

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DORCHESTER, MASS.



## For the Church Debt

By ALICE McDONALD

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"You will never get Edith," said Dave Spalding to his friend Luther Bennett, "and you may as well not try. You are rich and she is poor, but you're not the kind of a fellow who would fancy."

"You think so?"

"I know so."

"What will you give her for a wedding present if I do?"

"What will I give? It seems to me this is heads you win, tails I lose. What will you give if you don't?"

"I'll give a thousand dollars to any charity you name."

"In what time?"

"One year."

"Have you received any encouragement?"

"None whatever."

"Very well; I'll go you. How do you propose to win?"

"The heads of my operations will be money."

"She'll not marry for money."

"Not directly, but she may be induced to do so indirectly."

A few weeks later Bennett received a note from Miss Edith Cromwell stating that a fair was to be given to raise money for the church of which she was a member with a view to paying off the debt. She hoped he would attend and help the cause. Mr. Bennett replied that he would be on hand. When the evening for the sale arrived he summoned up to Miss Cromwell's room, expended \$10 in various articles he had no use for and left them to be sold again. Miss Cromwell was disappointed. She had expected to get at least double the amount from one she knew to be her admirer and rich.

"Is there nothing else you see that you want?"

"Nothing else? I haven't yet bought anything I want."

"Is there nothing I can procure for you?"

"Yes; I would like a photograph of your pretty face, but that, of course, is not for sale."

Miss Cromwell made no reply for awhile. She was thinking she might get a pretty sum for the church by yielding in the matter. Finally she said:

"Of course my likeness is not for sale, but I might give it to the church, and the church could sell it."

"Certainly."

"How much would it bring?"

"A thousand dollars."

Miss Cromwell caught her breath. There were two reasons for her doing so—viz, she was flattered that any man should value her photograph so highly, and she would be delighted to hand in a thousand dollars to the church. She turned the matter over rapidly in her mind. What difference would Bennett's possession of her likeness make? A man might buy a photograph of a fashionable beauty for a few cents. Those of actresses were for sale everywhere. The debt was \$1,265. The \$265 would undoubtedly be raised at this fair. The \$1,000 she would get for her photograph would complete the amount required.

"What would you propose to do with my photograph?" she asked.

"We'll use it in the hunting case of my watch."

"Would any one except yourself see it?"

"One standing by when I looked for the time of day would be likely to see it."

Miss Cromwell thought again. "Will you do anything else with it?" she asked.

"No."

"I'll think it over. The fair lasts two evenings. Come tomorrow evening and I'll give you an answer."

Bennett went away, assuming a

## A STRENUOUS BELLE.

Miss Eleanor Sears and the Tasks She Sets Her Suitors.

Who will be the lucky chap to win the hand of Eleanor Sears, the society girl who plays polo, golf and tennis, rides to the hounds, shoots, hunts, boxes, fences and goes in for divers and sundry other sports with a vim and dash that have won her a world-wide reputation? She has many suitors, but it looks now as if either Paul Rainey or Harold Vanderbilt would lead her to the altar. The rivalry between the shooter of polar bears and young Mr. Vanderbilt is said to have now reached a stage where they are going to be put to the test not unlike those to which the ladies fair of the middle ages subjected their knights. In other words, Miss Sears is going to make the lucky suitor go some to get her.

Rainey she sent almost to the north pole to get her some bear pelts. The

less than twenty years of age. There was scarcely any law in the country, and none that was likely to reach a case like that. I sent him word that I would shoot him the first time I saw him.

"Things went on in this condition for some time, and Bree and I did not meet. Then, one day, purely by accident, we met in a town where neither was known. No sooner did we face each other than we both pulled and shot. I got him, he missed me. We shot but once each. My shot hit him above the eye and he dropped like lead. I thought he was done for, and I waited no time in getting away. I rode through into Arkansas and stayed there in secret, soon after coming to Nebraska.

"As I became a young man," he said, "about the only right I knew was that of the pistol and a quick hand. The law was but poorly enforced and men lived by the right of might. I got to be pretty tough, I admit it. I went around a good deal of time with a chip on my shoulder, hoping someone would knock it off. The country was full of Meyerick cattle, and no one was a better hand than I with the rope, chasing down these strays and putting the branding iron on them. Everybody did it. I was training with a bad crowd, as bad as there was in the country, lawless, devil-may-care fellows, you know. I can see now that it was only a question of time when I would get into trouble. So I came to Nebraska to get away from it."

Dahlman's recital concludes with the story of his career in Nebraska as a cowboy, sheriff, mayor and political leader.

GAME ONLY FOR RICH.

Connecticut Editor Gets Rid of Some Views on Politics.

That there is too much use of money in securing political nominations and elections in Connecticut is quite evident from recent occurrences, even if it was not known heretofore. No one without a big bank roll is likely to be considered as a candidate for the office of governor or in fact any important political elective office.

When it costs between \$25,000 and \$50,000 to gain the governorship of this state, as shown by the expense reports filed by Lilley on one side and Robertson on the other two years ago, when can a man of ordinary wealth hope to come in? This is the cost of securing a position drawing \$8,000 salary in two years. If a candidate cannot furnish the money, his friends, or some interest, are called upon to put it up for him. No wonder there is a growing disgust at present political methods all over the land.

The auctioning off of political offices has caused the strong demand for a direct primary law, a measure which to some extent at least gives a poor man a chance to secure a political nomination. The direct primary movement has taken strong hold in the West and is working rapidly toward the East. The day is not sure that a direct primary law will cure the money evil in politics, but no condition could be worse than the one which now prevails.

What the expenses were of Goodwin and of Lake, the successful and unsuccessful Republican candidates for the gubernatorial nomination, will not be known till their reports are filed, but that they were extraordinarily large goes without saying.

Politics is an interesting game, but only when it is played with the cards above the table.—New London Day.

Elephants in Captivity.

The trainer dashed for an instant his dark lantern on the long line of elephants.

"They are asleep," he said. "To captivity elephants always sleep standing."

"Why is that?" the visitor asked.

"They lie down to sleep in the jungle."

"Yes," said the trainer. "I don't know why it is. But you'll never see a captive elephant sleep lying down. Some people say a captive elephant never really sleeps—sleeps sound. I mean—at all. He never has complete confidence, you know. He grieves. He longs to be free. Why, as a matter of fact, this light, standing sleep of his only lasts about three hours at that. All the rest of the night he rocks from side to side in the dark."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Each of the chief organs of the body is a link in the chain of life. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link, the body no stronger than its weakest organ. If there is weakness of stomach, liver or lungs, there is a weak link in the chain of life which may snap at any time. Often this so-called "weakness" is caused by lack of nutrition, the result of weakness or disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. Diseases and weaknesses of the stomach and its allied organs are cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When the weak or diseased stomach is cured, diseases of other organs which seem remote from the stomach but which have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, are cured also.

The strong man has a strong stomach. Take the above recommended "Discovery" and you may have a strong stomach and a strong body.

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## DAHLMAN SHOT A MAN

The Democratic Candidate for Governor of Nebraska

TELLS OF CHECKERED PAST

"I Got to Be Pretty Tough; I Admit It. I Was Training with a Bad Crowd; I Came to Nebraska to Get Away from It."

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 1.—Mayor J. C. Dahlman of Omaha, candidate for governor of Nebraska on the Democratic ticket, has told the story of his life, with the request that it be given publicity.

Rumors that there are incidents in his career which would not bear scrutiny and at the same time leave him on such a plane that he could ask for the suffrage of the people of the state, prompted Mr. Dahlman to authorize an interview which was published here recently.

These rumors affected his early life in Texas, where, it was stated, he had shot and killed a man and fled the state, coming to Nebraska under the name of "Jim Murray." Mr. Dahlman confirms the report that he shot a man and fled from Texas and assumed the name of Murray; but the man he shot did not die. His version of it is as follows:

"The immediate cause of my leaving Texas was this: An older sister married a man named Charley Brew, a shiftless sort of fellow, nothing more nor less than an outlaw. They lived together for two years, and some time after their child was born, he deserted her, for no apparent reason than that he was tired of married life and his innate cussedness.

"I was a fiery, quick-tempered boy, less than twenty years of age. There was scarcely any law in the country, and none that was likely to reach a case like that. I sent him word that I would shoot him the first time I saw him.

"Things went on in this condition for some time, and Bree and I did not meet. Then, one day, purely by accident, we met in a town where neither was known. No sooner did we face each other than we both pulled and shot. I got him, he missed me. We shot but once each. My shot hit him above the eye and he dropped like lead. I thought he was done for, and I waited no time in getting away. I rode through into Arkansas and stayed there in secret, soon after coming to Nebraska.

"As I became a young man," he said, "about the only right I knew was that of the pistol and a quick hand. The law was but poorly enforced and men lived by the right of might. I got to be pretty tough, I admit it. I went around a good deal of time with a chip on my shoulder, hoping someone would knock it off. The country was full of Meyerick cattle, and no one was a better hand than I with the rope, chasing down these strays and putting the branding iron on them. Everybody did it. I was training with a bad crowd, as bad as there was in the country, lawless, devil-may-care fellows, you know. I can see now that it was only a question of time when I would get into trouble. So I came to Nebraska to get away from it."

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wisely directed, will cause her to give to her little ones only the most wholesome and beneficial remedies and only when actually needed, and the well-informed mother uses only the pleasant and gentle laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—when a laxative is required, as it is wholly free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

## "PLAYING THE GAME" FOR MANKIND

Some Straight Talk About Ideals and Philosophy and Ethics in the Game of Life.

One doesn't have to be a pessimist to realize that in our national life we have as grown men exactly the same trouble we had as boys—that we are all of us playing the game to win, and that winning simply means overcoming somebody else. The essence of sport is really something very different—to overcome difficulties of time and space and all kinds of physical obstacles. Nature herself puts plenty of difficulties in our way. The man who first discovered that, with a sail closehauled and a rudder jammed hard against the opposing water, he could sail almost into the wind, must have had one of the big primordial thrills that come sometimes into the hearts of men; he was advanced by vast ethnic intervals beyond the man that had simply sailed his boat faster than another man. For every winner of a race there must be a loser, and when we shoot ourselves horses at a Yale-Princeton football game, it is not so much because our team is really outwitting itself or doing the thing that is hard as because it is beating the other team. So most of us become "bleacher athletes," sitting by and watching the fight; and what counts is not the game itself, but the score.

I wonder how much this is responsible for the kind of game we play when we are no longer boys, in after life, when the whole point of the game seems to be to beat someone else. Suppose all of Harriman's transcendent genius had been expended in building up the best railroad system that could be made, in vanquishing time and space, and dominating what could be accomplished by the indomitable will and purpose and untiring effort of the strong man. Mightn't the net result have been something finer and better than Harriman ever attained, and mightn't he have gone from earth with some finer memory to take with him of the life he had lived in, than the thought that he had met Syntesant Fish and fought him and beaten him? "Must a game be played for the sake of self?" as Browning once asked. Can't our boys find something else to inspire them than the hope of beating another boy? If a boy can ride his horse over the fence, and swim across the lake, and run swiftly, and hit the mark, and feel his pulse beat strong and true, and his nerves and muscles under sure control, does it make him any more the master of the world about him than he can beat some other boy? Is it reaching the standard, or beating someone to it, that really counts?—McCreedy Sykes in the October Everybody's.

PASTOR "PREACHED OUT."

Quits Church Because He Hasn't a "New Idea" Left.

New York, Oct. 1.—Preached out, as he describes it, the Rev. Dr. William Morrison, rector of All Saints' Episcopal church, Brooklyn, has resigned. Dr. Morrison says that in the 15 years he has been at All Saints' he has delivered 1,500 sermons, and that if his congregation is not tired of hearing him talk, he wonders at their tolerance.

Influential members of the church are importuning him to remain. Even Bishop Frederick Burgess came in from Garden City to see if there was anything he could do to persuade Dr. Morrison to reconsider his determination.

"I shall go to some other church when the opportunity offers to preach to another congregation," Dr. Morrison said. "To them I shall be new and my thoughts will be new. I shall not be in danger of repeating myself or of telling the same story twice—not for 15 years at least."

Woman's Hair

The Red Cross Pharmacy Knows of a Preparation That Makes Hair Fascinating.

Parisian Sage is the ideal hair tonic and beautifier of the present time. It is compounded on the most advanced scientific principles, and nothing on the market to-day can compare with it.

It accomplishes so much more than the ordinary tonics, and does so quickly, that users are astonished.

Parisian Sage kills the dandruff germs and eradicates dandruff in two weeks, or money back.

Parisian Sage stops falling hair, itching of the scalp and splitting hair, or money back.

Since its introduction into America, it has become a prime favorite with women of refinement.

Parisian Sage gives a fascinating lustre to women's hair and makes it beautiful. It is the daintiest and most refreshing hair dressing that science has produced, and has not a particle of grease or stickiness in it.

A large bottle of Parisian Sage costs but 50 cents at the Red Cross Pharmacy and druggists everywhere. The girl with the auburn hair is on every package.

DR. T. Felix Gouard's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Moles, Blemishes, and every blemish on the face, and is so harmless you can use it as often as you like. It is so effective that it is a perfect skin treatment. It is so pleasant that it is a perfect skin treatment. It is so effective that it is a perfect skin treatment. It is so pleasant that it is a perfect skin treatment.

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